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THE
Description of a Battle.

WHAT a charming thing's a Battle!
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating!
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle!
Every heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we 'spying,
From the front, and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the groans of soldiers dying!
Just like sparrows, as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop!
While the muskets prittle prattle!
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded!
What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting!
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting!
Horse and foot,
All go too't!
Kill's the word both men and cattle!
Then to plunder!
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle!



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